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College Settlements Association Quarterly

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WHAT OF LOWER EDUCATION?

A Word to the "Highly" Educated

(Adapted from the *News* of the Philadelphia College Settlement, June, 1909)

CHARITIES which minister to the needs of children, hospitals and other institutions which care for the physical side of unfortunate humanity, churches and church charities, universities and institutions of higher learning seldom lack support. But if an institution does not care for the sick or maimed; does not aim primarily at the salvation of souls; does not produce scholars or scientists; does not confine its usefulness to children; and, indeed, is not a charity at all, how can it hope to get the ear of the generous, already besieged by the insistent appeals of hundreds of charities, public and private?

That is the question which the friends and workers of the College Settlements Association are asking themselves. And yet there seems to be a constantly increasing number of persons who realize that most of those among whom the Settlements work are only children, from a social point of view, whatever their years; that in addition to the care which hospitals afford to their bodies, and churches and synagogues to their souls, there is need with them for lower education—education in sanitation, in citizenship, and in all the forms of modern American civilization—and that the men and women who are doing that work among them, and doing it, not by preaching and precept, but by downright self-sacrificing example, are worthy of the small additional support which makes their work possible.

We believe that you who are enjoying higher education, or who are proving its powers, will never regret having a part, however small, in this work, and in this belief we invite you to become a contributor to the College Settlements Association. Send contributions to your college Elector, or to Mrs. George C. Macan, Jr., 202 Taylor Avenue, Easton, Pa. Better still, interest your room mate and the girl who sits next to you in Sociology, or the teacher across the hall and your neighbor over the fence. Best of all, room mates, students, teachers, neighbors, all of you, come to see us at one of our four houses, at 95 Rivington Street, New York, 93 Tyler Street, Boston, 433 Christian Street, Philadelphia, or at 1502 East Fort Avenue, Baltimore, and invest your personality in Brotherhood Bonds. Interest at 100 per cent.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,

Member of the Rural Credits Board, Former Treasurer of the Philadelphia College Settlement.

"I'M MOST TOO TIRED TO RAID."

PIRATES

I'm down in Hogan's Alley,
  And you're by the sparkling sea,
And I don't know who you are,
  And you ain't thinking of me.
I'm down beside an ash can,
  It makes me a dandy shade,
There's a sick cat 'side me,
  I'm most too tired to raid.

And Mr. Murphy's swearing,
  He's drunk two nights and a day,
A kid has stopped from crying,—
  It's dead across the way.
The air is stale and heavy,
  And there's mor'n a million flies,
And the mothers say they're lucky,
  The kids that ups and dies.

I know all 'bout the country,
  For I learned it some in school,—
I'd turn them into an army,
  The kids that wants to be cool.
I'd march them down to the sea,
  And I'd camp them on the sand.
We'd be an army of pirates,—
  I'd be chief of the band.

We'd sing, we'd shout, we'd holler,
  Ain't that what children are for?
"Kids shan't live in the cities,"
  Would be our pirate law.
But I'm down in Hogan's Alley,
  And *you're* by the sparkling sea,
And I don't know who you are,
  But why **ain't** you thinking of me?

PROFESSIONALIZING THE VOLUNTEER

[Following up Dr. Kingsbury's article in the June *Quarterly*, emphasizing the need of training for all types of public service, Dr. Allen contributes this account of the work of the Institute for Public Service. In the December number Miss Eleanor H. Johnson will tell of the accomplishment of the New York Committee on Volunteer Service along the same lines.—The EDITOR.]

EXCEPT for its first word I like the title assigned to me. *Consecutivizing*, or *worthwhiling volunteer work*, or *definitizing volunteer assignments* would express somewhat more closely what I understand your editor to wish.

May I speak from the limits of our point of view and experience at the Institute for Public Service? And may I frankly confess that in my opinion unprofessionalizing the volunteer's manner must go hand in hand with professionalizing her workmanship?

Last March we asked the Intercollegiate Bureau's clearing house for volunteers and volunteer jobs if there were volunteers who would like to help "high spot" the schools of New York. Two came. One looked for music "high spots," the other for the best illustrations of dramatization as aid to teaching. Other volunteers from other sources looked for other "high spots"; a prominent officer of the Southern Alumnæ Association, two Western school board members, one Columbia graduate student, one Western county superintendent, and so forth. May we take them as illustrations of reasons why, methods in, and results of volunteer work?

All of these women wanted to use spare time. All preferred to render public service, to do something that needs to be done. All wanted to do something that while interesting them could be done well by them. Two wanted primarily to obtain definite information for use in their own local schools. Such are reasons why volunteer work is needed in response to volunteer willingness.

In each case there was an interview before assigning work. Effort was made to learn what study and work each had done before. So far as possible the assignment was fitted to the volunteer's special interest; it was then fitted to ability of time and workmanship.

One (Vassar) was from a city which she had been trying to persuade to establish free public lectures; she took New York's public lectures to "high spot."

Another (Wellesley) was keeping up her own music; she was quickly interested in New York's efforts to universalize ability to participate in the enjoyment of music and to develop musical talent.

A third (Hunter) was at the time translating a French play. So far as questioning could discover her strongest interest was likely to center in plays; therefore the assignment to "high spot" dramatization

as aid to teaching from kindergarten to senior high. This study by Miss Sadie L. Pellar is being continued and extended to include literature to date and best practice in other cities.

There is a slang expression which helps us understand what is meant by fitting work to the volunteer, that is, "tackle somebody your own size." Each volunteer was given an assignment small enough for her time and big enough to challenge her interest. Too many volunteers become discouraged because bored by trifling assignments that engage only a fraction of their abilities. Each volunteer knew that her results would be used for New York's benefit, and how. A time limit was given for completing the work, and a written assignment or succession of them to make clear the background and method. Supervision was given so far as possible. Matter was rejected and reason given; revisits were required. Rewriting was done where improvement in directness or "human interest" or definiteness was thought necessary.

Two more pretentious kinds of volunteer work suggest possibilities for scores of alumnæ.

A Ph. D. in mathematics wants some other outlet than bridge and charitable work. What can she do while keeping house? A graduate student on sabbatical relief from social work wishes to taper back into public work. What can she do while carrying college work?

The Ph. D. decides to turn her college investment to account, and has set out to qualify as the best informed person in her State on the use of mathematics for official reporting. She has begun with the school and health report of her city, and can be of immediate and important help affecting one hundred per cent of that city's population.

The second, Miss Georgia Ralph, has made a collection of "high spots" in institutional records. She was, you see, just the person to make a study of most helpful college records. Beginning as a volunteer, she has developed the work until it promises to be a signal contribution to the college forward movement. Incidentally she has visited many universities and colleges, and has put herself in a position to serve all colleges.

As never before the woman volunteer is working out worth while community tasks. How worth while her own performance will be obviously depends upon how and what she does, not upon her willingness. Nothing more profligate can be invented than the wasteful use of our volunteers *in esse* and *in posse*. Professionals are bored not so much by the ineffectiveness of the volunteer as by the consciousness that the professional is not earning volunteer co-operation by efficient planning, defining, directing and using.

The most direct way, in my opinion, for the College Settlements

Association to promote consecutive, definite, worth while service by volunteers is to formulate standards for professionals in dealing with non-professionals or not-as-yet professionals. These standards call for

(a) a new kind of analysis of work needing to be done,
(b) feasible segments of work to fit time segments,
(c) recognition of the individual volunteer's past and present, plus
(d) written assignments,
(e) professional supervision,
(f) frank assumption that volunteers must progressively grow, and
(g) prompt, definite, legible use of the volunteer's results.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN,
Director of the Institute for Public Service.

SETTLEMENT WORK AS A PREPARATION FOR CIVIC WORK

IT is over twenty years ago that I went into the College Settlement in the city of Philadelphia. It is nearly twenty years since I left. In these twenty years many changes have taken place in the character of the services rendered by a settlement to its neighborhood, but the fundamental principle on which settlements are based has not changed. As I take it, this principle is an attempt on the part of the individuals who have received advantages at the hands of society, and who wish to contribute to the social welfare of their community, to become a part of some section which needs to be interpreted to the community at large. In different localities conditions differ even within the same city, and municipal governments, being very human, are apt to hear the loudest cries. Fifth Avenue in New York, Pine Street or North Broad Street in Philadelphia makes itself heard if it wants anything of the city fathers. Inarticulate neighborhoods get nothing.

The settlement residents come into a community simply as neighbors. There is no one special thing which they have to do; it all depends. They establish their homes, live and make friends.

When I went to Philadelphia the College Settlement had been in existence only one year, and the oldest settlement in this country was not over five years old. The story of our early days needs no retelling. First through the children, then through the mothers, then through the young people and the men, we got to know our neighbors. We made a careful study of the physical aspects of a particular district; I can remember how we studied the map—block by block—learning the location of all the public buildings, the charitable agencies,

the schools, the saloons, the disorderly houses; in short, we knew, in some instances better than the police, what each house represented. Back in the early days, municipalities did not attempt all the social activities which today are considered legitimate. Very few of the public schools had kindergartens. In our district there was no public library, no playgrounds or recreation centers for young people; there were open gutters for sewage; no proper tenement house laws or enforcement of what there were; and the people who lived in the dis-

RODMAN STREET, A SUCCESSOR TO ST. MARY'S

trict had not the faintest notion of how to go to work to improve their conditions. It was up to the settlement residents through their connection with the life of other sections of the city to get these things. Those of us who lived in old St. Mary's Street in 1893-94 will never forget our fight for a play place for the children. The little Star Garden back of the church, only a few feet in each dimension, was the only spot except the street for the children from crowded blocks and blocks. The square where the park and playground are now between Lombard and St. Mary's Street and east of Seventh Street was crowded with ramshackle tenements, many of them occupied by disorderly characters,

drunkards, and even criminals—colored and white. It took some time to learn to go to sleep amid the noises that came from the houses close up under our windows. One house in particular, I remember, where night after night there were drunken quarrels and cries of murder, resulting at last in the actual stabbing of a woman who died from her wounds.

The year after these buildings were condemned and the old inhabitants began to move out was an exciting one. Landlords did not feel it worth while to attend to property which was bringing in no income, and still more disreputable characters moved in and occupied the quarters rent free. But the combined efforts of the settlement workers, the more progressive of our neighbors, and our uptown friends succeeded at last in clearing out the square, even including our own property.

Our dealings with the authorities of the public library; with the Wharton School, when we established school lunches, anticipating by twenty years what New York is now doing; the vacation home; the picnics to the park and the Zoo—all brought us in personal contact with those in charge of various public activities. We became a sort of clearing house. Our neighbors treated us as if we were a combination of city directory, encyclopedia and clearing house of public charities, an official authority on all public and private questions. Indeed, the sad part of it was that they thought we knew so much more than we did and could do so much more than we could.

If we helped the neighborhood to find itself, we ourselves learned more. In the first place, we learned that our neighbors in the congested quarters of the city were not so different from ourselves in the qualities that really count. We wondered not that so many people went wrong, but that so many stayed right. We learned the power of co-operation and the discouragement that comes to the individual who stands alone. We learned how to arouse public interest in problems that really counted. We learned something of politics, and how to approach public officials, how to arouse their interest in our problems, and to secure their co-operation. We learned that "molasses catches more flies than vinegar."

We got to know the charitable agencies of the city, public and private, the hospitals, the dispensaries, the clinics, and to make them known to people who needed them. We learned something of economic problems. The College Settlement was not located in a factory section, but other settlements were, and through exchange of experience we could broaden our horizon. Some of us faced for the first time the horrors of a year of unemployment, the difficulties of finding or creating work, or securing municipal co-operation in such a crisis.

We learned something about education and educational methods. We co-operated with the university extension work, with the research department of the university, with the efforts to introduce practical matters, like domestic science and manual training, into public schools. We learned the necessity of recreational opportunities for the young people of the crowded sections, and how to help them to have a good time in safe and sane ways. In short, the training which we received was one which no university could give. It was human; it was practical; it was universal. We learned through our own blunders. Whatever we may have accomplished, and some little things we did that made the neighborhood a better place to live in, the great thing was what the workers learned. In thinking over the years at the settlement, the kind of life we led, the kinds of people with whom we came in touch, the problems of all sorts with which we were brought face to face, it seems to me that no where else could such an experience have been obtained, and in the years that have passed it has been of great interest to see how the men and women who were eager young settlement workers in those days have come to fill positions of responsibility and importance in so many of the civic departments of our great cities.

The civic problem which a municipality has to solve is a problem of human welfare. Its one purpose is to make a good place in which to live. Certain things are to be accomplished, certain methods to be used, a certain amount of wealth available. How is it to be applied to the best purpose? It seems to me that the training one gets in a settlement where one is neighbor to all sorts of people is a training that can be gotten from no other source so well and so quickly. It is not necessary here to name names, but I believe if the roll could be called of the settlement people now filling responsible positions, and if in answer to each name we could hear a list of the accomplishments which have come from understanding, we would feel that the settlements had justified themselves in this, if in no other way.

KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS,

Chairman of the New York Parole Commission, Former Headworker of the Philadelphia College Settlement.

IMPORTANT!

Miss Dorothy Baldwin, Vassar 1912, succeeds Miss Schain as Organizing Secretary. She will welcome suggestions and requests for advice in planning membership campaigns, programs, etc.

The new traveling exhibit for use in the colleges will be ready by November 1. Write at once for dates to Miss Baldwin, 433 Christian Street, Philadelphia.

SETTLEMENT SNAPSHOTS

The Romance of the Garbage Can

"We hunted three together, my brothers bold and I,
We planted scarlet fever in an open pumpkin pie,
Diphtheria we gathered from a leaking broken drain,
And left it in a candy box—you'll hear from that again!
And just to keep in practice some consumption germs we spread
On uncovered meat on Fourth Street,
We put small-pox on the bread.
Oh, we're hunting in the sunshine, we're hunting in the rain,
But when we hunt together we never hunt in vain."

chanted three large green flies to an audience of two hundred and fifty women—Irish, Polish, Russian, Jewish, Italian—that came together from five different Settlements for the first time as a "feeler" towards a South Philadelphia Federation of Women's Clubs. "The Romance of the Garbage Can," written for the occasion by one of the College Settlement residents, proved to be a thriller. Few "first nights" go down to history in such a blaze of glory.

Lordly Disease, hideous in mien, and his servants—buzzing flies—as they hovered round Open Slop and gloatingly described their deeds, filled the audience with real horror. And by the time Old Fly had given his family history—"Two months ago a faithful little fly laid 50 and 90 eggs.

They hatched! She laid again, they hatched again! Again she laid. *They* laid, *she* laid! Again more eggs were hatched. And I was hatched from one of these same eggs. What are these three?

My family numbers, Sir.

Well, to come right down to brass tacks, there are 8,765,982 of us. All from the same mother, in 60 days!" Every one was ready to join in the singing of "Swat the Fly."

Following the play the Fire Marshal, in simple, vigorous language, appealed to the women as responsible citizens who counted for much in the community to do their part toward fire prevention. "It's true all them what he said," commented one of them afterwards. "Me no have matches where children can reach; me be careful."

After tiny flags had been distributed to the audience, the meeting closed with the singing of "My Country 'Tis," the words of which the women had been taught by their own Americanized children.

How the True Loves Got Their Name

SCENE:—Baltimore College Settlement.

Dramatis Personae:—

Headworker of the Settlement.

Three neighborhood "Terrors."

The Terrors:—Miss ———, us fellows wants a club.

Miss ——— (sternly):—You boys have been in every Boys' club in the Settlement, and you've been put out of every one.

The Terrors:—Yeh, but we,—all us fellows that a' been kicked out, we want to be a club ourselves.

Miss ———:—That's not a bad idea. What sort of club would you like to be?

The Terrors:—A dancing club!

Miss ——— (with schedule book):—All right. How many are you? Have you any name?

"THREE WHITE VIOLETS!"

There are eleven of them, but not having anticipated the need of a name, they withdraw to the next room for a private consultation. After ten minutes' wrangling, they return in great solemnity.

The Terrors:—Miss ———, we have a name.

Miss ———:—Yes?

The Terrors:—We're the True Loves!

With great difficulty and not a little tact, Miss ——— conveys the wish that they would choose a less fervid cognomen. A second consultation produces "the Honeymooners."

Miss ———:—Oh, boys, that is worse than True Loves. Try just once more, and if I don't like this choice, you shall be the True Loves.

After a third—and stormy—session, the leaders proposed that the eleven worst boys on Locust Point be known as "The Three White Violets!"

That is how the Baltimore Settlement came to be the tryst of True Loves.

Sprinkles from the Shower Bath Shed

"OUCH—give us middle sized water!"

"Teacher, teacher, come get Mollie, she won't unbutton."

Enter teacher. Mollie discovered, fully dressed, under shower head in active eruption.

Memorandum written by a small volunteer for his own guidance as assistant bathmaster:—"Five mints a baf."

Big boys—already ten minutes in:—"Aw, Miss B., don't turn it off. We've just got down to our legs."

The "little mother" shrieks as the water slackens:—"Teacher, you can't turn it off yet. The baby is all full of soap and I aint had none already."

A Comedy in Five Acts

PLACE—College Settlement Kitchen.
Domestic Science Class for Boys.

Time—Evening.

Act I. Teacher (To Tony, who is getting down a dish from the pantry shelf)—"You didn't touch the jelly, did you, Tony?"

Tony (Up to that time ignorant of the where-abouts of the jelly, glances about, locates it, climbs down and replies)—"No, teacher."

Act II. Tony—"Teacher, this plate won't hold all the biscuits."

Teacher—"Very well, get a larger one."

(Tony climbs up to the pantry shelf, gets plate *and* two glasses of jelly, puts glasses in pocket, climbs down and goes on with class work.)

Act III. Half hour later—

Tony—"Teacher, is it 9 o'clock yet? My mother told me to come home at 9."

Teacher (Looking at watch)—"It is quarter past now. You had better run right along." (Exit Tony.)

Act IV. (On street corner to gang of small boys)—"Hi there! (exhibiting jelly) Want some?"

Gang (In chorus)—"You bet."

Tony (As they are about to dive in)—"Hold on! Do youse think I crooked this for nottin? I guess nit. Two fingers for a cent this costes-es—it duse!"

Gang leader (temporarily rich after a successful crap game) hands over ten cents.

Tony—"All right, fellows, dive in." (Successive pairs of grimy fingers, each grimier than the ones before, go down into the jelly and come up dripping to watering mouths. (Tony, crying "Cheese it," disappears with his profits, as he sees the Cooking Class emerge from the Settlement.)

Act V. Five minutes later, on Settlement doorstep.

Cooking Class (Dragging one jelly gourmandizer by the collar and holding up empty jelly glasses to astonished resident)—"Teacher, look. Tony crooked 'em. Sold it, he did. This guy bought some."

Resident—"And where is Tony?"

Cooking Class (Indignantly)—"Gone to the Movies! Say, Teacher, put him out. He don't deserve to belong. He's a regular crook, we ain't, and we don't want nottin' to do with him." (Exeunt all with heads up and chests high.)

ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Mirror Up to Nature

MEMBERSHIP in dramatic clubs has been much sought after this year. Charming little animal and fairy plays, carrying suggestions of human nature as children know it and put with a gentle satirical slant, have given special joy to actors and audiences.

One boy combined literary and self appreciation at a recent rehearsal in the exclamation, "Won't the people just *bust* when they hear me say that?"—and they most surely just did.

It is a matter of regret that actors and actresses must be children without babies. A wistful little girl of eleven, refused a part because of a constantly present baby-in-arms, said brightly, "Say, will you let my lady friend belong? She aint got no baby, only a mother." Whether from vicarious joy for her friend, or from another feeling, she gave her baby a tight hug, then swiftly ran to fetch the unincumbered one upon whom opportunity might smile a welcome.

Manners, carriage, better speech and self direction, control and concentration, memory training and fruitful thoughts of self-cultivation come through dramatics. Oftentimes "taking the part" as an English

speaking character in a single play Americanizes a foreign tongue. During this season fully twenty plays have been studied by Settlement casts and some eighty performances have been given, the casts involving about one hundred and seventy-five different individuals. Among the younger players many a touch of quaintness brings pleasure to the coach. For example:—A page, twisting to the breaking point to get the effect of "skinny calves," speaks of his tights. "They aint exactly right—this kind of pants ought to fit every nook and corner."

A small girl accounts for her annoying, foot hindering presence at the keyhole when she doesn't "belong in"—"I know I can't come in to-day, but next week I'm an educated cat." A careful student of English thus clarifies his doubts as to homonyms—*through, threw and true* (!)—in his play. "I obserf you haf tree truse in English; true de door, true de ball and trudah your country." A temperamental leading lady has been the subject of unjust (?) rebuke—the method a note from the club leader. She writes in reply with self-confident hautesse, "Miss ———, I received a letter, but I will not do anything more for the College. I did everything I can and now let's see what you can do without *me*. If you say that I do everything with mischief so I will not do anything in fear of causing trouble. Yours truly."

A fine touch that last!

Among our beginners dramatics are alluded to by various names—ear effects they may be called:—gymnatics, gymanattics, Jewmatics, democratics, diplomatics, dumatics, rheumatics even. One senses the confusion of tongues at home and abroad that fill with empty sounds the ears of the unlettered and the near illiterate.

In spite of all that's in such names experience in all our nattics, antics and matics, summer and winter, has fully convinced us that the motto registered for one of our clubs is deeply true—true "tru and tru,"—namely, "Literature together with Recreation are Mighty and Should Prevail."

ANNA F. DAVIES,
Headworker of the Philadelphia College Settlement.

Mt. Ivy Notes

THE work at Mount Ivy, like everything in and around New York this summer, has felt the effects of the epidemic of infantile paralysis.

We had two fine weeks in the beginning, including a wonderful Fourth of July, enjoyed by over three hundred people, and then for nearly two weeks no one was allowed to come from the city. Fortunately, there was one houseful of mothers and little children, ranging

in age from five months to five years, most of whom have stayed all summer, and the little girls in the Farm House stayed on, but gradually, as their vacation time expired, the working boys and girls had to go back, and no one could take their places. Shouts of joy went up a few days later when they were told that the orders had been modified to allow those over sixteen to come. Then we filled up our boys' and girls' camps, trying to make up for lost time, but with all due precautions, keeping the newcomers and our household of precious babies far apart. Our college girl assistants, or rather, their parents, naturally felt unwilling to take any chances of exposure, so we have had only two each from Wells, Smith and Vassar, the latter being the

OUR "PRECIOUS BABIES" AT MT. IVY

first representatives from that college. We have missed their assistance sadly, and we hope that it will not result in any loss in interest in the colleges, that so few this winter will be able to further our cause with the enthusiasm that comes from experience.

So it has been a rather unsatisfactory summer, but it has had its high spots. The completion of a delightful bungalow for the girls and two smaller ones for individual girls' clubs, some splendid excursions which the smaller numbers made possible, and an increase on the part of every one in the appreciation of our beloved Mount Ivy.

ELIZABETH S. WILLIAMS, *Headworker.*

Summer Work at the New York College Settlement

"IF one is seeking a peaceful summer resort," remarked one of the residents the morning after the ammunition explosion on Big Tom Island, "avoid '95'!" The summer indeed reverses the remark of the old lady who had had lots of troubles but most of them never

happened. But in spite of the troubles that did happen, every cloud had so silvery a lining that we scarce realized the shadows at all.

The infantile paralysis has of course caused our greatest anxiety. For one week—July 10 to 14—the playgrounds were closed, and many were the meetings of New York fresh air agencies with doctors and nurses and the Board of Health before the beseeching little faces that crowded about the front door were rewarded for their long wait. Precautions were taken, however, to keep out every child from an infected house, and every morning the new addresses, sent by the Board of Health, were added to the former list and given to each director, and the children as they came in were checked off. We had longed for a nurse, but the necessary salary seemed so doubtful that we had practically given up all hope, when one morning, a good angel in the shape of Mrs. Frederick Geller, came to see our work, and without even knowing that we needed a nurse, gave us the necessary fifty dollars for this purpose! During the month of August a blue-gowned nurse from Henry Street took the temperature of every little child, and if it registered over 100, sent the child home and visited the family.

The playground at "86," open from Monday to Friday, inclusive, registers every morning from 90 to 100 children; one day the attendance ran up to 137. At "95" about 50 children have a royal good time in the back yard.

For the older boys and girls the days have been busy with basket-making, chair-caning, jig-saw work and all sorts of athletic stunts—volley-ball, indoor baseball, crokinole and ping-pong.

The evenings were even busier than the days if that were possible. The baths were in constant use, and on Thursday nights, when the new venture of opening to neighborhood men was tried, the result, while not large, was certainly worth while.

On Wednesday evenings the Men's Association has run an open dance, a most successful venture. On Saturday and Sunday "86" has been closed, for not even for the sake of our young people, can we believe in a twelve-hour day or a seven-day week for our workers.

At "95" we have had "open house" every evening, and every night sees a group around the phonograph or piano, or talking and singing in the yard. One night to vary the program we had a camp-fire. Perhaps—if one didn't know—one might think a camp-fire in a galvanized iron pail at the bottom of this well of a yard surrounded by six-story tenements, with a pan for a popper and the concrete pavement substituted for fresh, green grass—perhaps, as I say—one might think that such a situation would lack every element even for the play of the imagination; but the faces in the light of the blazing pail showed as keen an interest

in the ghost stories, the pop-corn and roasted marsh-mallows tasted just as good and the Mt. Ivy songs sounded just as sweet as if we had been on the hill-top under the open sky.

The activities carried on at the Settlement have not entirely covered our work. Early in the summer a call for more baths was made, and on July 24th, with the permission of the Board of Education, we opened the baths in Public School 20 for boys. A generous contribution was made by one of our volunteer workers for the salary of an assistant, and Mr. Putman, the Y. M. C. A. student who is spending the summer with us, took charge. Every morning from nine to twelve a string of little boys, towels in hand, make for the open door, and the fifty or sixty who form the average attendance seem to make it well worth while. During the hot days the attendance has several times run up to two hundred.

The Cloak and Suit Makers' strike early affected our neighbors. The lock-out in the dull season followed by the summer strike caused very real hardship to many of our friends, and it was only when two generous friends sent us $50.00 each that we breathed a sigh of relief. Never did a hundred dollars go further than that sent to us, and many of our own club members were tided over a difficult place.

And so the summer has passed in our small world with all the ups and downs of the big world at our doors. It has counted for something, let us hope, that we have been here. And for everyone of us, I can say without reserve, that we have been glad to be here. The summer has brought to us far more than we have given. To everyone of the workers and the residents is due the maintenance of that fine spirit of co-operation and kindliness that has so constantly shown itself; and we feel we owe hearty thanks to those good friends whose contributions have made it possible to carry on the work.

HARRIET MCD. DANIELS,
Associate Headworker.

Summer Activities at Denison House

ON Friday, the second of June, Denison House gave a dinner for Mr. Percy Alden, M. P., who in the evening spoke on the subject of "The Outlook in England" to an interested audience.

On the sixth of June a Fête Champêtre for the benefit of Denison House was held at Miss Warren's beautiful place in Cedar Hill. Miss Warren had constructed a charming open-air theatre, and many interesting features were arranged for the afternoon. Heavy thunder showers in the middle of the afternoon at the height of festivities interfered very seriously with the success of the Fête. The affair was

repeated on the following day, when again the weather was hardly more propitious, but in spite of disastrous weather almost $1,500 was cleared.

The Denison House Camp at East Wolfborough on Lake Wentworth, N. H., which formerly was used exclusively for the boys, was opened for the girls on Saturday, June 24th, with Miss Shaw in charge, assisted by Miss West and Miss Florence Glover of Wellesley, 1917. The girls had the use of the Camp till July 20th, when the first group of boys went up under the leadership of Mr. Brown. The boys will be in possession until after Labor Day.

Toward the close of June, Miss Gordon proposed to the Board of Directors a plan for utilizing to better advantage the five houses owned by Denison House, one of which was standing idle because it had been condemned by the city owing to its great need for radical repairs. The plan involved throughly renovating Nos. 95-97 Tyler Street, and remodelling them for residential purposes, and using the three houses Nos. 89, 91 and 93 solely for settlement work. The Folk Handicrafts was especially in need of greater space. The Music Department, too, was crowded, and the settlement had long been in need of better facilities for large gatherings of every sort. The plan proposed will give the Folk Handicrafts the use of No. 89, with the exception of the clinic rooms on the second floor. It is proposed also to build an extension to the Green Room over the yard, which will increase our seating capacity almost 100 per cent. The plan was immediately approved by the Board of Directors and a campaign was started to raise $7,500 within a month's time. It is gratifying to be able to report that the full sum was in hand ten days before the end of July. Work will therefore go forward immediately.

Notes from the Baltimore College Settlement

THE Camp Fire Girls at Locust Point, under the leadership of Miss Mary Deever, have adopted a neighborhood baby, that is to say, a little boy whose mother died is being boarded in the neighborhood, and the girls, who are from fifteen to nineteen years old, are making all his clothes. They are at the same time receiving instruction in the care of babies.

The Superintendent of the Parks has given the Settlement permission to use some of the park land for children's gardens, and likewise the use of the park tools and several wagon loads of top soil. The boys have worked very hard on the gardens, and we are hoping that the seeds that were planted in such good faith will bring results.

The Superintendent of the Library has given us the use of the Library auditorium for one or two evenings a month for public lectures or concerts. Dr. Froelicher delivered an illustrated lecture on Germany

that was a great success. In October the first lecture will be on Poland, with illustrations, and an explanation of Poland's part in the war.

The Kindergarten room, used for story hour and games in the afternoon and for dancing and club meetings at night, was in very bad condition. One of our volunteers named it the Black Cave of Despair. The soiled brown wallpaper that was hanging in strips was removed, the walls and ceiling painted in pale yellow, the unsightly basketball screens removed from the windows, and fresh curtains hung in their place. Mr. Harrison McDowell contributed new wall paper to the pool room, and Miss Morawetz had one of the bedrooms daintily repapered. Our very objectionable plumbing system was changed, although the digging of new sewers which this necessitated was a heavy additional expense to our repair items, as was also the rebuilding of our back fence which was blown down by a storm.

Among our achievements this year we should mention the increased respect of the boys for the house and the residents. We have little trouble with discipline, although at the beginning of the year the boys seemed to think the Settlement built solely for "Rough-house"; and there was considerable difficulty with bringing intoxicants into the house. That has been entirely done away with now, and since the house is in better repair, the impulse to tear off a bit of hanging wallpaper or demolish a half-broken chair has been abolished. Many of the boys sent to us by teachers as being particularly bad, have with a little individual attention become a help to us; and a great many boys are coming to the house who have never been in the Settlement before. There are very few complaints from the neighbors because of noise and destruction; indeed, many of the neighborhood people now drop in informally to use the sewing machine, the telephone, the loom, the typewriter, or to learn to knit or crochet.

FRANCES HUMMLER,
Headworker.

C. S. A. Fellowship Awards

THE fellowship-at-large has been awarded to Miss Witchie for the second half of the year. Miss Witchie began her fellowship year last October at Rivington Street and the School of Philanthropy, but was called home in December by the death of her father. She will return to Rivington Street this fall as a volunteer until she takes up her course at the School of Philanthropy at the point where it was dropped.

The Wellesley joint fellowship has been given to Miss Kate Van Eaton of the class of 1916, with residence in the New York Settlement. Miss Van Eaton taught two years before college; she has an excellent

record in her academic work, in which she majored in Economics, and she has shown marked initiative in student activities. For Miss Van Eaton an experimental departure from the usual plan for our fellows will be made, and the following plan is suggested:

(1) One course at Columbia—probably in Economics.

(2) Practice work at the settlement to follow an outline to be submitted to the committee by the headworker with weekly conferences between the headworker and the fellow, and monthly reports to the Committee from both headworker and fellow.

(3) A monthly exchange visit between the New York and Philadelphia fellows—the Bryn Mawr fellow to have the benefits of visiting New York activities bearing upon her work, under the direction of the New York headworker, and the Wellesley fellow to have a "pedagogical" conference with Miss Kingsbury as well as the opportunity of observing the work in the Philadelphia Settlement.

It is advised that in future one year of graduate work or one year of practical experience be required for applicants for the fellowship; that, if possible, announcements of the fellowships be published in the Wellesley and Smith catalogues with the name of the fellow for the year; that the term of the fellowship be nine months—about October 1st to July 1st—with vacations at Thanksgiving and in the spring, and that the payment of the stipend be in nine installments, eight to be given at the beginning of the first eight months, and the ninth at the end of the last.

HELEN F. GREENE,
Chairman of the Fellowships Committee.

You will be rendering a great service to the business manager if you will immediately notify her, as well as your elector, of any change in your address. Please give the name of your college and both your old and new addresses.

ALUMNAE ELECTORS.—Please send the names of new members to the business manager as soon as you receive them, thus insuring their receipt of the next issue of the Quarterly.

HELEN ZAGAT, Business Manager,
617 West 115th St., New York, N. Y.

CENTRAL BUREAU OF PUBLICITY AND APPEALS

The Association has established a central bureau of publicity and appeals, at 95 Rivington St., for the use of the individual settlements, chapters and sub-chapters. It hopes thereby to put at the service of members seeking ideas or methods for publicity and appeals, all the ideas and methods similarly evolved by all the other members of the Asociation. Copies, therefore, in duplicate, of all leaflets, pamphlets, appeals, newspaper and magazine articles or notices referring to any of the settlements, chapters or sub-chapters should be filed with Miss Helen Zagat, 95 Rivington St., New York City, who will be glad to put the services of the bureau at the disposal of any applicant.

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